DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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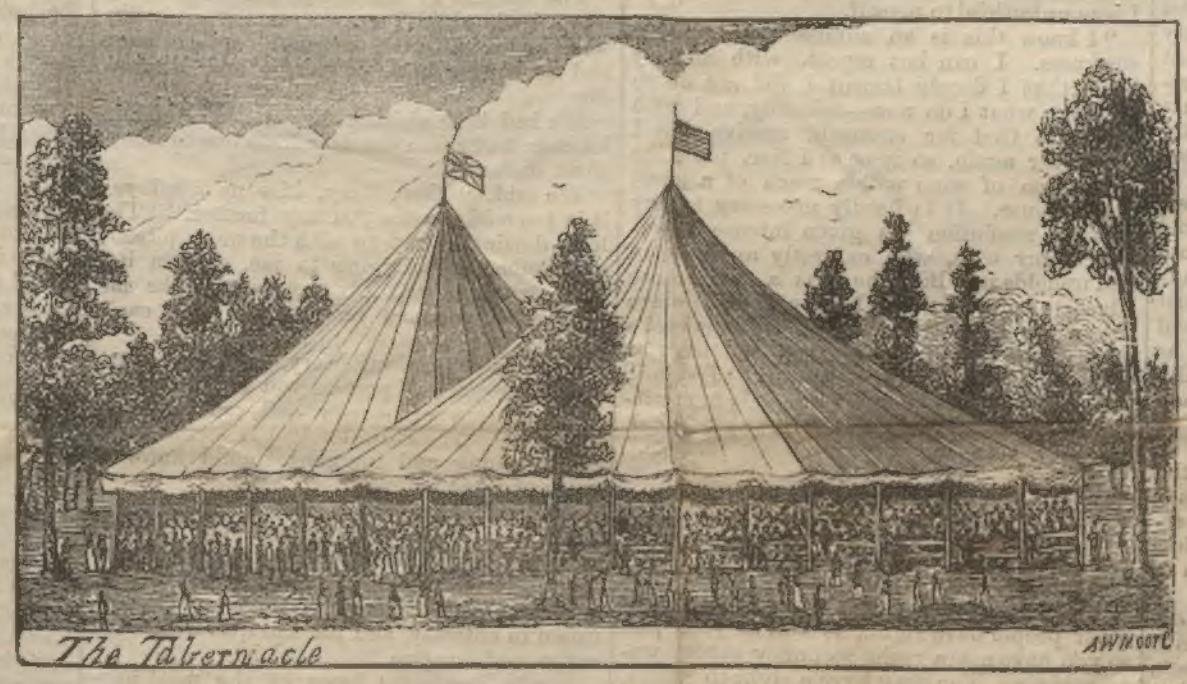
A MONSTER CAMP MEETING.

Who has not seen, or at least read of the beautiful Lake of the Thousand Islands. On any summer's morning if you should take the "down boat" at Kingston you would have before you a day's sail amongst scenery almost unrivalled by any in the world. The beautiful lake soon gives place to the narrower, but still wide, river St. Lawrence. Soon again, on every hand, islands are met with. Sometimes they are regular in size, appearance and position as if they had been laid out by rule; at others they are irregular in shape, no two being alike, and they are placed here, there and everywhere, as if in very ancient days two giants had fought by throwing stones at each other, and each stone falling into the river had become an island clothed with trees and verdure. Indeed an Indian legend still tells us that hundreds of years ago, Ta-oun-wat-ha, the Indian deity who presides over the fisheries and streams, came down from the clouds to visit the people of the earth. Ha-wa-ne-a, the Great Spirit, of the Indians had sent him to find the most beautiful land and water of the whole earth and distribute it amongst his favorite people the "Five Nations," or Iroquois Indians. The messenger spirit, the legend says, saw two young men in a boat and met them in the form of an old man in a white canoe, and irresistably drew them on and on until they landed on a steep bank and mounted on a high hill. The spirit then drew himself up until his head reached the tallest pine tree and exclaimed, Osh-wa-kee! Osh-wa-ka! which wise people say means "I see everywhere and I see nowhere." After this the spirit spent several years in fixing the islands, deepening the channels, piling up and cracking the rocks and in the end became so pleased with his work that he concluded never to return to cloudland, but married a wife and settled down saying that even in the place from whence he came there was no spot so beautiful as the Lake of a Thousand Islands. The place where he made himself so tall and said "Osh-wa-kee! Osh-wa-ka!" is said to have been on the summit of Sunrise mount a picture of which is given on the fourth page.


The Tabernacle

View on the way from Gananoque

For several hours the boat glides between the Islands, all beautiful as they can be, and nearly every one just as left by nature. Then it comes to the rapids, which it descends at race horse speed, being tossed here, and there, now rushing as it were headlong into the overhanging rocks on the shore, now towards an island, now almost on a rock in the mid stream, whose presence is only made known by the foaming breakers,—always on and on, and down and down until the end is reached and it is in deep water again.

One of the Islands passed is Wellesley Island, and on it is the Thousand Island camp, where every year are held monster camp meetings to advocate the cause of religion, Sunday-schools, temperance and religious science. On this Island also is Sunrise Mount previously referred to. Many thousand persons each year resort to this Island for the purposes above mentioned, many of them camping out and living in tents, while others who have made more permanent arrangements reside in summer houses and continue the whole season through. Every year the "camp" is visited by the first ministers and scientific men of America who vie with each other in making the proceedings interesting and instructive. On this page is given a picture of a scene on the way from Gananoque to Wellesley Island, and one of the Tabernacle in which so many interesting meetings have been held. The general aspect of the scenery in the neighborhood is exceedingly beautiful.

WHY?

Says the friend to whom you go, asking him to come out and take his place distinctly with those who abstain: "Why should I abstain? I have been drinking a glass, or two or three glasses of wine, at my table or at other people's tables for ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty years of my life. Look at me! is not my hand as steady as yours, my eye as bright, my brain as clear, my pulse as even?"

"Yes, unquestionably."

"Very well, then, why should I abstain? Is my wife a drunkard? Are my children tipplers?"

"No, thank God, they are not."

"Well, then, produce me some argument from the Bible, from science, from the testimony of the learned, that shall inculcate Total Absistence."

"No; I will not do that. But I will produce an argument from your personal experience. Last week you accepted the hospitalities of a neighbor whose house, for the evening, was thronged with guests. Among them was a youth accustomed to look to you as an example. Something in you had attracted his admiration, or enlisted his sympathies, or you were placed at some prominent post where your example came to be a thing to be quoted. In accordance with the detestable custom of our modern society which sometimes permits men and youths to herd together in a refreshment room after their mothers and sisters have departed, this youth lingered with others of his own age, who proposed to drink champagne by tumblerfuls in the corner of the room. This young friend of yours had manly and refined instincts, and he shrank instinctively from a usage so boorish and vulgar. He had other reasons, too, for letting wine alone. He had a dishonored ancestry dragged down to ruin by intemperance. But in the moment of hesitation he caught your eye. Oh, if there had only been in it one loving ray of tender, pleading remonstrance, but you were holding up a glass of old Maderia to the light, and listening to your host as he remarked with a whisper of bland complacency, 'Habershame, vintage, of 1844.'

"One glance was enough for your young friend. If you could drink Madeira out of a wine-glass, why should he not drink champago out of a tumbler? Well, he did. I will not tell you the rest. But when you meet him next, with bloodshot eye and unstrung nerves, ask your self whether your glass of wine was worth—not what it cost you, but what it cost your weaker brother."

For this, as I conceive, is the gist of the whole matter. We can not separate our drinking-customs, innocent as we may deem them, and as they may be in themselves, from their influence upon those about us. And if this be so, it is impossible to separate this question of Total Abstinence from the question of personal unselfishness. The question is not, what is permissible, what is justifiable, but, what is Christlike? Nay, even if a man be not a Christian, the question is not what is pleasant or wholesome, or companionable, but what is generous, what is unselfish, what is magnanimous? The Total Abstinence movement must plant itself supremely upon these considerations, and appeal from them confidently to the nobler and better, ay, the diviner, side of human nature. Above all, to every one who owns himself a disciple of the Master it must appeal in that Master's name and to that Master's example. "Bear ye one another's burdens," writes St. Paul, "and so fulfil the law of Christ."—*Dr. Potter.*

—In the memoir of Dr. E. N. Kirk it is recorded that some one asked him how a Christian could best show himself a Christian in society. His reply seems to cover the whole ground: "I always try to put myself into this attitude before leaving home:—'Lord, give me an opportunity to honor Thee, and a heart to embrace the opportunity'—this is all our Lord requires."

ANY SPIRITUAL BLESSING is worth more than the most costly temporal good. A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose, is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water with right motives to a humble servant of God, than to have been flattered by a whole generation.—*Dr. Plumer.*

Temperance Department.

GIVE WINE TO GUESTS?

In a letter to the *Midland Temperance Chronicle* for November, Mr. S. C. Hall says:—

"I have had so many warnings against the use of alcohol, in any shape, that I claim little credit—no credit, indeed—for being what thank God I am—a total abstainer.

"But I did, I confess, require some degree of moral courage—stern resolution, in fact—to do what I have but lately done: resolve that, if I do not myself drink wine, no guest of mine shall drink it in my house. It was my custom to place wine on my table: not to give it nor withhold it: to teach both by precept and example that I consider wine, under any and all circumstances dangerous and pernicious: perilously influencing character, health, morals, life! It was but natural to feel that, in giving to friends what I knew was calculated to be hurtful to body, mind, and soul, I was guilty of a palpably wrong act; the poison I would not myself take I not only let them take, but gave it to them to take; yet although I knew what the consequences must be, and the consequence might be, I deliberately committed an act of the wrong of which I could not for a moment doubt.

"What excuse have I to offer to God and to man?

"Simply this excuse: the custom that guides and in a degree rules those who live in society demands that certain acts shall be done; at one time it demanded it, nowadays it only requires that things hurtful shall be taken into the system with the consent of, or directly contrary to, the wish of the person subjected to the deleterious influence.

"If a host insisted that one of his guests should eat a veal cutlet, having been first told that veal was food he disliked, and could not digest, what would be said of a man rude enough and cruel enough to press him to eat that which he was assured would be inimical to his health, and so unfit him for a duty he was bound to discharge? The host who did so would surely never again have that man under his roof.

"So I took thought.

"Surely, if I avoided giving to a friend the meat that I knew would make him ill, was I not bound to act on the same principle as regards the drink I gave him? Would it be less a breach of hospitality in the one case than in the other?

"Nay, if I called to mind that on many occasions I had seen a guest leave my table with blurred eyes, tottering steps, stuttering speech, and could not hide from myself conviction that a headache in the morning would be one inevitable result—perhaps the smallest—unfitting him for the requisite or needful labor of the day, could I satisfy my own conscience while trying to persuade myself that the evil was the consequence, not of what he had eaten, but what he had drank at my festive board—an evil that could not have chanced if I had been as resolute to refuse him liquid poison as I would have been to have kept from him a food that I knew was certain to make him bodily, and so mentally ill?

"So I took thought.

"I am 'dying in the face of God' if I do this thing. I fail in my duty to Him, and I do the opposite of duty to my neighbor if I place in his way that which can do him no good, and may do him much mischief.

"I am now taking a common-sense view of the subject: I know there is a much higher view to be taken of it, as well as a much lower. The higher is, that he is guilty of sin who tempts his brother to do which he himself believes to be wrong. The lower is, that he thus wastes the money—even if he only wastes it—that might be employed in relieving want, in lessening misery, nay, in ministering to the rational enjoyments of his own home, and augmenting the happiness of all who are brought with in the sphere of his influence.

"So I took thought.

"Clearly, I see and know my duty. It is this: if I abstain myself, and teach that wine, even in moderation, is an evil and, in excess, a curse, that no man is so good a man after he has taken much or little as he was before he had taken either, how dare I place before him that which he cannot take without more or less risk of injury to body, mind, and soul!

"So I took thought.

"Acquaintances may drop off: friends surely will not; such of them as are conscientious will have remarked the inconsistency between my precepts and my practice. Drink either is or is not the evil. I have said it is an evil. Is my belief sincere belief? They will at least respect my conviction if they find it is conviction: those who 'drop off' prove themselves to be such 'friends' as can well be spared: I lose the good opinion, the good feeling of no single person whose good opinion and good feeling are worth an effort to conciliate and keep.

"So I took thought.

"It chanced that while my mind was not thoroughly resolved as to the course I should pursue, I dined with a noble Lord (as I give my own name I see no reason why I should withhold his) the Marquis of Townshend. There was no wine on the table or on the sideboard; and not long afterwards I met John Bright M.P., at the American Minister's. Talking over the matter, he said to me that he never, as long as he could recollect, had had a decanter or a wine-glass in his house.

"So I took thought.

"If men in rank so far above mine, who are more in 'society' than I am, and, much more often than I do, have guests at their tables—if such men act upon so good, and wise, and merciful, and truly hospitable, a principle, why cannot I do likewise?

"So I took thought.

"And I have done it. With all my heart and soul, I wish I had done it long ago. But it is never too late to mend. As long as I live, by God's help, I will never drink wine or any alcoholic drink myself, and I will never give it to any guest in my house, or sanction it being taken by any person on whom my advice and warning may have influence.

"My example may do much to lessen the effects of a terrible curse. I have written a great deal in that hope, but I believe until now I have never written with a 'clean breast,' for I felt there was something to do that I ought to do, and had not done; that, in a word I was unfaithful to myself.

"I know this is an admission of culpable weakness. I can but repeat, with all my heart, that I deeply lament I did not do so long ago what I do now—solemnly, and with prayer to God for strength, resolve that I will never again, so long as I live, place the temptation of wine within reach of a guest in my house. It is hardly necessary to say that this resolution has given intense happiness to my wife, who earnestly approves of and upholds it. But she was a temperance advocate before I was. Nearly fifty years ago she wrote the little tract, 'The Drunkard's Bible;' and the Visit to Father Matthew, at Cork, in 1840, in our joint work, 'Ireland: its Scenery and Character,' is mainly her writing. We are 'as one' in this, as, thank God, we have been in so many lesser matters."

RIGHTS OF SMOKERS.

"This is a free country, and have I not a right to smoke if I want to?"

Yes, Mr. Smoker, this is a free country, and other people have rights as well as you, and so you have not a right to annoy others unnecessarily. You may have a right to smoke, according to your definition.

We do not believe you have a right to smoke, for we believe that it is wrong to smoke, and no man has a right to do wrong.

"To Thyself no harm," is an important precept in moral science, and no man can habitually imbibe the poisonous fumes of tobacco without harm. Therefore, if we observe the moral law we have not a right to smoke.

But we know you will smoke; so, assuming that, we wish kindly to point out to you some things you have no right to do.

First, you have no right to smoke in your own house or any home where there are women and children.

The lady of the house may very generously inform you that the smoke is not disagreeable to her but that does not make it right for you to smoke in her presence. Tobacco contains an active poison, and there are particles of this poison floated off in the smoke, to be breathed by the inmates of the home.

You will agree with me that it would not be right for you to bring arsenic in the house, and allow women and children to be poisoned by the fumes. The same principles apply to the poison of tobacco. We have seen cases reported by physicians, where delicate children have died from the tobacco poison floating in the air of the home.

If you will poison yourself, you have no right to poison the air for others.

Besides this, if your boys survive the poisoning when they are babes, and grow up, they will become so saturated with tobacco that they will be likely grow up smokers. You have no right thus to perpetuate a bad habit.

On the same principle you have no right to smoke in stores or public offices, or any other room into which women and children are likely to come. Neither have you a right to saturate your breath or your garments with tobacco smoke, and then go to your home or into a public assembly. If you must smoke, you should change your garments and sweeten your breath before you go into society.

Men recognize this principle on the cars, and so use in the smoking-car. Why not always regard it in society?

But you say, If I cannot smoke in the house you will not allow me the right of smoking on the street. Yes, if you will go into a street where no one else will go. But if you smoke on the street corners, or walk along the sidewalk puffing your cigar, there are hundreds of others whose business requires them to walk there too. Some of these are nauseated with tobacco, and others will inhale the poisonous smoke and be injured by it.

Besides this, the effect of loading the air with smoke and yourself setting the example which in the home would tend to make your own boys smokers, on the streets will make your neighbors' boys smokers. We would say, then, that, consistently with the rights of others, you have no right to smoke on the public streets.

But do you ask. Where shall I smoke? We answer, if you will smoke, go into the fields by yourself, or else have a room into which none but smokers will have occasion to go, have it in the attic, if possible, so that the poison may be dissipated, and not injure others. Have a cap and coat to put on while smoking, so as not to saturate the clothes which you wear in the company of others. In this way you can "enjoy" your pipe, and not infringe upon the rights of others.

Smokers have rights which we are glad to respect, and others have a right to walk the streets, or enter stores or public places, or to sit down in our homes, without having the air poisoned by tobacco.—*The Informer.*

HIDE ME FROM PAPA.

"Please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me."

The speaker of the above touching words was a little child just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and on leaving, had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, "Now, Mary, kiss us goodbye; it is too cold to take you any farther." The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said in her baby words, "O Lenny, please take me home with you and hide me, so papa can't find me."

O darling, precious Mary, how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words call up! How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much of fear!

As I rode homewards, the thought would again and again recur to me. Oh, that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard, could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen these baby hands upon my arm, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion.

Surely, surely the heart of the most hardened whiskey dealer would have been reached, and slumbering conscience have been awakened to a true sense of the terrible amount of wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits.—*Richmond Advocate.*

CHLORAL DRINKING. The drug called chloral hydrate, discovered by the eminent German chemist, Lieberich, some years ago, and which has obtained a reputation as a subsitute for opium in many cases, especially in *delirium tremens*, is rapidly becoming dangerous among victims of excitants and stimulates as alcohol itself. One person who became a "chloral drinker," as it is called, writes his experience to a medical journal as follows: "I am a man of sixty-four years of age and now sobered down and respectable; but I have tried at one time and another all the narcotics and stimulates known except hasheesh, which I have never been able to obtain. In June, 1875, I thought chloral hydrate might be some thing nice. I took thirty grains of it in a tumblerful of water, which had a pleasing effect. I then took thirty grains more, which seemed to take away my memory. I followed it up for two days, every little while taking thirty grains largely diluted with water. During those days I swallowed three-fourths of an ounce of chloral hydrate. At last I could not hold any thing in my hands, which were partially paralyzed. I had to be assisted home, and I went to bed and slept most of the time for one day and two nights. I then went about my business, but of all the sufferings I have ever endured I think this was the worst. I was not free from pain a moment for thirty days. The pain was greater in my legs and knees. I would go to bed at night, get in an easy position, and lie perfectly still, and not stir in the least, and finally would go to sleep. The first thing on awakening were those dreadful pains. The sufferings resemblied those of the opium eater when deprived of the drug. With one or two exceptions I cannot recal anything that happened during those two days I think that I had a narrow escape from death. I shall not take any more chloral hydrate."—*Morning Star.*

—A case which suggests reflections, by no means agreeable, occurred last week, in this city. A popular and eloquent minister was accused, before his congregation, of having drunk thirteen glasses of liquor, in public barrooms, in fourteen days, and did not deny the accusation, but defied anyone to say he had even seen him the worse of liquor. He also justified his drinking on three grounds: First, he was an Englishman, and accustomed to it; second, he was directed to use liquor by his physician; third, Dr. Crosby, both by word and deed, justified the use of liquors, and many other ministers used them. It is, unhappily, true that two of the most prominent clergymen in these two cities have taken pains to let it be known that they are opposed to total abstinence societies, and others (we know not how many), no way prominent, do not act on the total abstinence principle. So far as example is concerned, therefore, the accused minister's defense was valid: and none of his thirteen glasses were taken at the low dram-shops which Dr. Crosby condemns and tries to put down. We wish the respected brethren whose precept or example, or both, afford to many a justification for drinking, would reconsider their responsibility to God and man in face of this greatest snare and curse of society. The clergyman who was accused of drinking was acquitted by a great majority of his congregation of any wrong-doing, but resigned before the case could be carried into the church courts; and we trust he has since become a teetotaler, seeing that he was advertised to speak at a temperance meeting. May he prosper in his new departure!—*N. Y. Witness.*

—Every clergyman who puffs his cigar on the hotel piazza at a fashionable watering-place, in sight of the many careless pleasure-seekers there, lowers himself thereby, in the estimation of every irreligious tobacco-user who observes him, although he may flatter himself that he is gaining power for good over that class of persons by his indulgence, because, forsooth, he is patted on the back approvingly by other Christian smokers, who are glad to be countenanced by so distinguished a divine in their tobaboo-using. Every Sabbath-school superintendent or teacher who smokes a cigar, or takes a glass of lager beer, or plays a game of billiards in the sight of his unconverted scholars, thereby lessens the confidence of those scholars in his Christian character, and diminishes their respect for him as a man to be trusted and followed.—*Exchange.*

—The General Association of Congregational Ministers, at Gloversville, N. Y., recently adopted the following resolutions:—1. That the tobacco habit is an enormous evil; and that on account of its waste of money, positive injuries to health, and pernicious example to the young, Christians ought to abandon its use. 2. That this Association earnestly recommend to all our churches, immediate and thorough measures for instructing the people as to the manifold mischiefs flowing from the use of narcotic drugs as well as drinks; and that special efforts be made to guard children and youth from any and every use of tobacco.

—The following is an extract of a letter written by Major F. de Winton at Theraipia on the 23rd Sept.:—"The accounts we receive of the state of the wounded in some of the towns near the centres of war are appalling. Fortunately for the Turkish soldier he is a teetotaler, and it is wonderful what wounds they can have, and how quickly the wounds heal. All the doctors agree in saying that it is entirely due to their temperate habits."

A GRAVEDIGGER'S TESTIMONY.—"What tools are oftenest used in digging graves?" asked a gentleman of an aged gravedigger. "Sir," replied the old sexton, "there are different ways, and I've seen people who dug graves most, if not all, of those ways; but, sir, if you look through even this quiet village, you will find that the commonest way of doing it is for people to dig their own graves, and that with gin, rum, brandy, and whiskey."

—The Mayor elect of Brooklyn, N.Y., proposes the city shall erect buildings where inebriates sent up to the jail and workhouse should be compelled to work to help bear the cost of their maintenance, so that it shall not fall solely on the community against whom they are offenders.

The Worcester (Mass.) firemen agreed to sign the pledge if the Women's Temperance Union would give them coffee at fires. The merchants contributed to a fund for the purpose, and now the brave firemen are supplied with the beverage that refreshes and warms their bodies, and keeps their heads cool.

—One Sunday recently a paper was read in the pulpits of the churches in Dundee, Scotland, urging the discontinuance of the practice of offering wine and spirits to those attending funerals.

THE LATEST THEORY ABOUT PLANTS

Shall we ever know what we think we know, or reach a knowledge of things which no supplementary knowledge can overthrow? Only recently, for instance, the world had settled itself down comfortably in the faith that at last all the idle beliefs and foolish superstitions pertaining to the influence of plants upon human life were dissipated, and that we had reached an altitude of absolute mastership of the interesting phenomena relating to this subject. It looked to us as if in the gratification of an æsthetic taste nature had provided indirectly for our rescue from the worst evils of unwholesome districts, and of that deterioration of the air we breathe which is inseparable from human existence under the confined conditions of indoor life. Reversing the old superstition regarding the unhealthy effects of plants in living-rooms, physicians recommended them for their disinfecting qualities, and many a bedroom and schoolroom window is now adorned with plants in pots, which were placed there with the idea that they would compensate for a defective ventilation. The fact upon which these inferences were naturally and plausibly based is, that plants purify the air in three different ways: by absorbing carbonic acid; by exhaling under the influence of sunlight an equivalent in oxygen; and by the production of ozone. That vegetation possesses these three functions has been demonstrated by the experiments of physiologists, chemists and meteorologists, and this would seem sufficient to prove all that has been claimed in regard to its hygienic value; but a German experimenter, Professor von Pettenkofer, who for several years has given special attention to the subject, has recently summed up the results of his own and other investigations, in a manner that must dissipate many of the illusions we have so fondly cherished. He admits that plants possess the functions attributed to them, but the direct sanitary effect of these three functions he is compelled to state are none whatever. It is not meant by this that absolutely no effect is produced, but hygiene, as he says, is a science of economics, "and every such science has to ask not only what exists, and whether it exists, but how much there is and whether enough." Measured by this standard, the recently-developed ideas concerning the purifying influence of vegetation are proved to be absurdly exaggerated, for numerous and long-continued experiments have shown that there is no more carbonic acid in the air of Paris or Manchester than in that of the surrounding country, or even in far-distant mountain regions, and also that "there is no greater appreciable quantity of oxygen in a wood of thick foliage than in a desert or on the open sea." This phenomenon as exhibited in the open air, is readily accounted for by the atmospheric currents and the constant change and movement of the air, which is never absolutely still, and usually moves at the rate of three metres per second. But since every green leaf absorbs carbonic acid and gives out oxygen under the influence of light, it would seem undeniable that the air of close rooms must be materially improved by plants. Even this, however, our learned professor cannot concede. "The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralize the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated." The explanation in this case is to be found in the extremely slow processes of vegetable life as compared with those of the animal kingdom, and the vast extents of vegetation which are required for the sustenance of animals and man. "The grass or hay consumed by a cow in a cow-house grows upon a space of ground on which a thousand head of cattle could stand. How slow is the process of the growth of wheat before it can be eaten as bread, which a man will eat, digest and decompose in twenty-four hours! The animal and human organism consumes and decomposes food as quickly as a stove burns the wood which took so many thousand times longer to grow in the forest." No quantity of plants sufficient to affect appreciably the air of a given space can be brought together; for careful experiments made in the royal winter garden, at Munich, showed that the proportion of carbonic acid in the air of that tightly-closed space full of vegetation was almost as high as in the open air. What, then, is the hygienic value of plants and gardens and flowers? Strange to say, Professor von Pettenkofer, though a man of science, and consequently the inveterate foe of "sentimentalism," finds it in the æsthetic pleasure which they afford. The cheerful and happy now contented man lives not only an easier but, on the average, a healthier life than the depressed and morose man; and anything that makes a pleasurable impression upon our minds and senses has a distinct hygienic value. Lovers of plants, therefore, are fully justified, from a practical point of view, in continuing their cultivation; for if they will not relieve the air of its surplus carbonic acid, nor materially increase our available supply of oxygen, they have a sanitary effect in the satisfaction and refined enjoyment which they afford. — *Appleton's Journal.*

CARBOLIC ACID IN THE POULTRY-YARD.

Carbolic acid, properly applied, is a useful drug in the poultry-yard. The offensive and unwholesome odors of the poultry quarters, arising from the exhalations and the fermentation of their droppings, may be easily and effectually removed by the use of a solution of carbolic acid.

Besides the odors, which are simply disagreeable and unwholesome, other and more dangerous gases of a miasmatic or poisonous character are often generated in quarters where large numbers of fowls are kept. These infectious miasms are the cause of destructive epidemic diseases. Carbolic acid will destroy these gases and prevent loss from the diseases they produce.

Among the most troublesome annoyance of poultry-keeping, lice must be enumerated. These parasites will master the situation unless they are looked after. Carbolic acid in solution almost instantly destroys these pests. The small "mites" or "spiders," which live during the day in cracks and crevices and about the bearings of the roosts, in the corners of nest-boxes, etc., are the most annoying to the fowls at night.

Another trouble that may be enumerated under the head of parasites is "scabby legs." This disease, if disease it be, is produced by an acarus, a minute insect, which burrows between and under the scales on the shanks and feet. When neglected for a considerable time, the scabs or incrustations grow to a disgusting size, and will be harder to remove than if undertaken as soon as discovered. This trouble is easily cured by the use of the acid.

Aside from its properties as a deodorizer, disinfectant, and insecticide, it has uses as a healing application, when used externally, in the case of ulcers, sores, wounds, &c. It thus combines curative as well as hygienic properties. For sanitary purposes it is employed in solution. As a curative agent it is used in the form of soap or ointment, or both.

Carbolic acid is found in the drug stores in different forms, varying from the pure crystallized substance and its solutions to the more crude and impure forms. The latter are the ones to use in the poultry yard. They are cheaper and perfectly efficient.

A solution for use in the poultry quarters for hygienic purposes can be made by mixing one fluid ounce of the acid with a gallon of water. Then sprinkle the inside surface thoroughly—floor, wall, roosts, nests, everything inside of the quarters—with the solution.

An excellent plan is to saturate pieces of old carpet or bags or worn-out horse-blankets with a strong solution, and hang or tack them up in the roosting-places, or inside the coops where small chickens are kept. In hot weather the solution should be used in the buildings at least once a month, and in the coops for little chickens oftener. The smell given off will neutralize odors or miasms and destroy all microscopic organisms and parasites, while it is absolutely harmless to the fowls and chickens.

The ointment is made by mixing about one fluid ounce or a large tablespoonful of the acid with a pound of melted lard and stirring until thoroughly mixed. As soon as cold enough it is ready for use. A little of this ointment smeared on the roost-poles will keep the vermin away. It will, when applied, cure the "scaly leg." A little of it rubbed under the wings and about the tail and vent of lousy chickens will drive away the lice quickly.—*A. M. Dickey, in Poultry Nation.*

CONSUMPTION A DISEASE OF INDOOR LIFE.

Among the natives of Senegambia pulmonary affections are not only nearly but absolutely unknown; yet a single year passed in the over-crowded man pens and steerage hells of the slave-trader often sufficed to develop the disease in that most virulent form known as galloping consumption; and the brutal planters of the Spanish Antilles made a rule of never buying an imported negro before they had "tested his wind," *i. e.* trotted him up hill and watched his respirations. If he proved to be "a roarer," as turfmen term it, they knew that the dungeon had done its work and discounted his value accordingly. "If a perfectly sound man is imprisoned for life," says Baron d'Arblay, the Belgian philanthropist, "his lungs, as a rule, will first show symptoms of disease, and shorten his misery by a hectic decline, unless he should commit suicide."

Our home statistics show that the percentage of deaths by consumption in each state bears an exact proportion to the greater or smaller number of inhabitants who follow indoor occupations, and is highest in the factory districts of New England and the crowded cities of our central states. In Great Britain the rate increases with the latitude, and attains its maximum height in Glasgow, where, as Sir Charles Brodie remarks, windows are opened only one day for every two in Birmingham, and every three and a half in London; but going farther north the percentage suddenly sinks from twenty-three to eleven, and even to six, if we cross the fifty-seventh parallel, which marks the boundary between the manufacturing counties of Central Scotland and the pastoral regions of the north.

It is distressingly probable, then, to say the least, that the most fearful scourge of the human race, is not a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," nor a "product of an outrageous climate," but the direct consequence of an outrageous violation of the physical laws of God.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

SCIENCE IN PRACTICE.

To diffuse, however, the results of Science is matter of far greater difficulty than might be at first supposed. It is one thing to procure the intellectual assent of the readers of a magazine or of a newspaper to some scientific discovery or demonstration, and a different thing altogether to ensure that the same readers shall comprehend the discovery in practice, that they shall grasp its principle, and appreciate its bearings upon the daily realities of life. In ordinary cases, no practical knowledge is really acquired until it is brought home to the five senses—until it is seen, handled, and felt. The difficulty is not experienced merely among the uneducated. Many of the middle or even of the upper classes, who take a sincere pleasure in scientific knowledge, appear blind to its bearings on such matters as the ventilation of their houses or the education of their children, and seem indifferent to the increasing opportunities it affords them for comfort and for economy. They ride by railway, and they occasionally send messages by telegraph; but in most other respects they are content to live as their grandfathers did— to run the same risks and to commit the same blunders and extravagances. Unfortunately, moreover, the utility of many of the results of modern science depends mainly upon the intelligent and cordial co-operation of the community at large. It is of little use, for instance, building model lodging-houses and providing them with improved methods of drainage and ventilation, when all appliances are sure to be obstructed and nullified by the unintelligent recklessness of those who use them. There is a good story of a classical scholar who bought a first-rate barometer. When it was delivered he puzzled himself greatly over the Vernier attached to the scale, and at length sent the instrument back, pointing out to the maker that there must be some mistake, since the scales of the Vernier and of the barometer itself did not agree. The world at large is similarly apt to admire Science from a distance, to read about it, and to buy some of its inventions, while remaining ignorant of their nature, and incapable of applying them.—*London Quarterly.*

New Remedy for the Potato-Beetle.—A Connecticut agriculturist writes: "It is believed that the best thing to repel this pest has finally been discovered. Having given the several reputed sure remedies a test, including Paris green, without finding any of them perfectly satisfactory, the idea suggested itself that the whole secret of success in getting rid of them lay in coating the potato plant with some substance which is offensive to the vermin. Having nearly half a barrel of air-slacked lime on hand, a trial of that was made by dusting over the whole plant just at sundown several thickly-infested plants being selected for trial. Upon the following morning those plants which were the subject of experiment had been wholly deserted, and the bugs could be seen sitting dejectedly on the neighboring weed and fence. Since, the same application has been made to several acres of potatoes which were badly infested, with equally satisfactory results, the bugs generally leaving the plants in a few hours, and many of them rolling off immediately they were touched by the lime. It has the advantage of being perfectly harmless to use, and is cheap and easily applied, while its pungency can not be endured by even a rascally potato grub."

—A green rose, blossoming monthly, and with leaves somewhat thicker than those of the ordinary rose, and fringed like the leaves of a carnation pink, was exhibited by a Broadway florist. The blossom is very fragrant.

DOMESTIC.

THE SPARE BED.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Almost every family has a spare bed. It is generally in a spare room remote from the living room, where it would never feel the influence of any fire that would usually be kindled; or in a chamber, with no arrangement for warming it in winter. Into this spare room and spare bed company is put, frequently without the least thought that there is the slightest danger of injuring their guests. This is done with the kindest intentions, out of respect to their friends, who they wish might enjoy the best they have. Strong, healthy persons in the vigor of life might not experience any serious inconvenience. Not so the feeble or aged. Many under these circumstances have taken a cold that has brought on severe cough, sometimes congestion of the lungs, and even death itself.

It ought to be known that an unoccupied bed in a cold room in winter not only becomes cold but also gathers moisture and is dangerous to the most robust and healthy, but especially so to the aged and infirm. None are more exposed to this danger than ministers who preach with two or more churches alternately. Sometimes they arrive at the house where they intend to spend the night, late in the day, thoroughly fatigued and chilled; or at the close of the labors of the Sabbath, are completely prostrate. In either case, the system requires rest and comfort, and is in a poor condition to be taxed with an extra effort, to keep up animal heat, in a cold, damp bed, and the result is a sleepless night, cold and hoarseness in the morning, protracted cough, congestion, or consumption and death.

These dangers are easily remedied. The least trouble perhaps, where it can be done, is to kindle a fire in the room, or an adjoining room and open the bed an hour or two before the bed is occupied; or it may be warmed by a hot soap stone, bottles of hot water, or the old fashioned "warming pan," or by applying heat in any way that a thoughtful woman can find out. Extra quilts and comforters will afford no protection. The cold and dampness and dangers are in the bed.—*Morning Star.*

—A Dutch journal points out a mistake which very frequently is made in removing grease spots with benzine or spirits of turpentine—the solvent is applied with a sponge or piece of rag. This tends inevitably to spread the grease. The stained portions of the garments should be laid flat between two sheets of soft blotting paper, and the upper sheet well soaked with benzine. In this way, if sufficient time be given, the whole of the fatty matter becomes not only dissolved but absorbed by the paper.

To Polish Furniture.—Use equal parts of boiled linseed oil and kerosene. Apply it with a flannel, and rub dry with another flannel. It will remove all white marks and scratches, and should be kept always ready for use. It gives the room a fresh appearance to rub all the furniture with this preparation. One feels well rewarded for the labor. If any white spots are so firmly fixed that the polish does not remove them, rub with turpentine, holding a hot shovel over them.—*Maine Farmer.*

Selecting Meats.—In selecting beef to roast, if it be for a small family, the rib is by far the best and most tender cut; have some of the bone removed; then make your butcher skewer the beef. The best beef-steak for broiling is porter-house. The best beef for *a la mode* is the round; have the bone removed, and trim off all the gristle. For corned beef, the round is also the best. For mutton roast, choose the shoulder, the saddle, or the loin and haunch. The leg should be boiled. Small rib chops are best for broiling; those cut out from the leg are generally tough. Mutton cutlets to bake are taken from the neck. For roast veal, the loin, breast or shoulder is good. Veal chops are best for frying; cutlets are more apt to be tough. In selecting beef, take that which has a loose grain, easily yielding to pressure, of a dark red color, smooth, with whitish fat; if the lean is purplish and the fat is yellow, it is poor beef. Grass-fed is the lightest, ox the best, and next the heifer. Perhaps the nicest mutton roast is a small leg, the bone taken out, and the cavity stuffed with forced meat. The best beef roast (for three) about two and a half or three pounds porter-house. Sirloin ranks next. A rump roast is very nice. Two to three pounds is plenty for three. In chops, I think that from the hind leg of mutton best, unless you can get a "meaty" sirloin. The same in pork; about one and a quarter to one and a half pounds is sufficient; beefsteak, about the same quantity. Porter-house is cheaper than sirloin, having less bone. Rump steak and round, if well pounded to make them tender, have the best flavor.—*Western Cattle-grower.*

RAG AND TAG.

BY MRS. EDMUND WHITTAKER,

(Author of "Hilda and Hildebrand," "The Return from India," "Little Nellie," &c.)

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

"The clothes we had on when we first came to you were not ours—we took them out of 'the dreadfuls' bag; we were so cold an' starved, an' what we did have on when we settled to run away and leave them were so old they'd scarcely hold together. Weren't they, ma'am?" added Tag, earnestly, turning to Mrs. Burton; "you know best, for you saw us."

"They were indeed bad, my poor child—only fit for the rag-bag."

"There, do you hear that, Rag?" asked Tag, triumphantly; "then it was not so wicked of us after all; but for all that we don't want to meet the two 'dreadfuls' again, an' they live in your street, Mr. Stubbins."

"Ah, my poor boy, I understand, and I am not surprised at your fear of meeting them; but there is no chance of that—they have left the cellar, and no fear of their returning again in a hurry; the police found them out about ten or twelve days ago, and I don't suppose that that part of the world will be troubled with them much more."

"Hooray!" called out both the children together.

"Hooray indeed!" and John smiled; "but I say, wife, I am not altogether pleased at the notion of having stolen goods in our house. Where are those clothes which the poor things had on when they came to us? We might give them to some poor person, or get rid of them somehow."

"They will be clever people who get them now," answered Mrs. Burton, gleefully, "for I took them the very next day and threw them on a large fire in the back kitchen, and burnt them up stitch and thread, and pushed and turned them about in the fire until they were as fine as sand. How could I tell where they had come from, or what they might bring? and I thought the best thing was just to ask no questions, but put them out of the way at once."

"Right as usual, my wife, and I am quite sure Rag and Tag think so too."

Their approving look and smile of satisfaction told very plainly what they thought of the matter.

So it was agreed that, all being well, on Thursday afternoon in the next week Rag and Tag were to go and have tea with Mr. Stubbins and his little girl.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning when Rag and Tag awoke, it was with a feeling that something very unusual was going to happen, and not only one thing, but two things—first, the night-school that evening, and to have tea with Mr. Stubbins and his "lill' sick gel" the following Thursday. Would the day ever pass, and the time ever come! At last half-past seven did arrive, and both John and his wife were as pleased as the children when it did. I wish I could describe the feelings of Rag and Tag when, after about half an hour's walk from where they lived, John led them into a large, well-lighted, whitewashed room, filled almost up to the door with rows and rows of forms, and all these forms filled with children—boys and girls of all sizes and ages, the former on one side of the room, and the latter on the other. Although some looked very thin and poor, yet all were clean and decently clothed, and every face

View from Sunrise Mount A.W.Moore

appeared bright and happy. Rag and Tag being rather late arrivals were seated almost close to the door, but apart from one another, by Mr. Hambledon, the visitor at John's house on Sunday afternoon. Exactly as the fingers of the clock pointed to half-past seven, in walked a clergyman, whom the children recognized as the same who had preached the sermon which had made them each want to be a "gooder boy and girl" the evening before. The clatter of feet as each child rose from their form to greet him was quite a little storm. Mechanically our children did as the others had done; but their eyes were fixed on the clergyman, whose quick, kind eyes had soon discovered them; and they remained standing, until, feeling themselves rather sharply pulled by their neighbor, and hearing "Do as we does" whispered in their ear, they sat down again. After a short prayer, the hymn "Hold the Fort" was given out. Although Rag and Tag could not read, they caught the words every now and then, and when it came to the chorus—

"'Hold the fort, for I am coming,'
Jesus whispers still:
Wave the answer back to heaven,
'By Thy grace we will,'"

the two children looked at each other, and evidently each knew exactly how the other felt, for almost at the same instant the books they were holding were thrown from them, their little white faces covered with their hands, and they were sobbing so violently that Mr. Hambledon, at a sign from the clergyman, went up to them, and telling John he would bring them back presently, opened a side door and took them into a little snug parlor. For a time he said nothing; but at last he asked so gently what was the matter, and spoke so soothingly to them, that by degrees the sobs ceased, and two little tear-stained faces looked so pleadingly at him with their large brown eyes, that the good kind man although accustomed to really harrowing scenes, felt so moved that he bent down and kissing each thin forehead, urged the children to speak and say what it was had touched them so much, and why they were crying so sadly.

His very kindness made the tears come back again; but after a little rubbing at his eyes with the back of his hands, Tag spoke:

"'Twas them words as they sung did for us both."

"Why, did you not like them? They are beautiful words."

"Yes, indeed; it's just 'cos they are so beautiful that we cry," answered Rag. "But it's so funny to cry 'cos we like 'em. We allus used to laugh when we wor happy, and cry when we wor sorry. I dunno what's come over Tag and me: everythin' seems turned round since we com'd to our master an' missus, an' now we wants to be the goodest, when we used to like to be the baddest."

"Ah, my children, and things will turn round still more when you come to your Master in heaven."

Seeing they looked surprised, he added; "I mean things will seem so different to you when you know more about this Lord Jesus, which the hymn they have been singing to-night speaks of."

"Sir"—and Tag stood very erect, and looked very steadily into the kind eyes looking into his—"Rag an' I does want to gooder, an' to know more about our Lord Jesus. We've wanted it iver since we heard all that genelman in the large room said yesterday; but how can we, when we can see Him now heres, an' He'll niver care to come to the likes of us. Only," he added, with a brighter look, "we are out of the cellar now, and in a 'specable house—that may make a difference, mayn't it?"

"Not the least, my boy—not the very least," replied Mr. Hambledon, gravely.

The children's faces fell.

"Then I'll give it up," said Tag, impetuously; "it's so weary confusin'."

"And you?" said Mr. Hambledon, turning to Rag. "What will you do?"

"I'd like to find Him, an' I could," was the reply, in a low voice. "I would indeed," she continued earnestly; "an' I'll go on huntin' and huntin' until I do, and Tag 'ill stick to me, an' we'll find Him together—won't we, Taggie?"

Tag nodded. His mouth was quivering, and he could not speak.

"Dear children"—and Mr. Hambledon drew them towards him—"you need not go hunting and hunting; our dear Lord is close beside you at this very moment." The children looked round, but said nothing. "He has watched over you all the time you were in the cellar, and He loved you ever since you were born. He led you from that wretched place where you were so miserable, and brought you to your present happy home. He put the words into the clergyman's mouth to speak to you yesterday. He put it into my heart to ask John Burton to bring you both here to-night; and oh! Rag and Tag, it is He who has put it into your hearts to wish to know, love, and serve Him, and the work He

has begun He will carry on unto the end."

Tag's eyes brightened, and he looked up earnestly.

"I wish, sir I as could see Him like you. We'd like, Rag and I, to thank Him ourselves."

"Ah! my boy, many wish that, but you must wait patiently until He calls you to Himself before you see Him, or u ' he comes again, for we know not how soon that may be. We live here by faith, not by sight. Do you understand me children?"

"No sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, you see that door behind me?" The children nodded. "You don't know where it leads to? If you were to guess all night you could not tell me; but if I tell you it opens on to a flight of steps, and those steps lead to another door, which if you opened would take you into a large room full of little beds, and in each bed there is a little child, either very ill or getting better from some illness, you would believe me?"

"We'd believe anything you said," replied Tag, eagerly.

"*Anything*," echoed Rag.

"But you can't see the steps, or the room, or the children, yet you believe me—how is that?"

"'Cos we'd b'elieve anything as you told us"

"Ah, that's having faith in me—you feel sure I would not tell you what is not true. Well, that is just how our God and Saviour Jesus Christ wishes you to feel towards Him; you must not wait until you see Him to thank Him or love Him; His wish is that you should belong to Him now—whilst you are young. He is up in heaven, yet He can see you, watches over you, and cares for you. And He is waiting now to hear you say you wish really to love Him and live for Him, putting away all the naughty things you used to do, or words you used to say, and striving to please Him in everything. Then in His own good time He will call you to Himself, and you will see Him face to face, and be ever with the Lord. Let us tell Him now all you are feeling about it."

When they rose from their knees there was a gentle happy look on the little brother and sister's faces and, a quiet light in their eyes, which told of a present joy they had never known or even dreamt of before.

The clergyman and John Burton now came in, and the former, after speaking kindly to the children, urged them to come every evening to the night-school, so that they might learn to read and write, and then told them that when they could read a chapter in the Bible and write their own names, the reward he should give them was a nice Bible of their own; and with a kindly nod he left them,

"John, my friend"—and Mr. Hambledon touched John Burton on the shoulder—"all the years you have know me you have never been to our night-school or our little hospital before. What do you say to come upstairs with me to-night, and just take a peep into our sick and convalescent rooms. The little trots will be in bed now, and I should like to reward Rag and Tag for their faith in me. You believed me, children, did you not, when I told you about the little children in the room over-head? Now we will go and see them."

The clergyman had opened the door and gone upstairs whilst they were speaking, and now Mr. Hambledon, John, and the children followed him.

"The pretty dears!" burst from honest John's lips, as he found himself in a long, rather narrow, and low, but beautifuly clean room, with twenty-four little beds ranged side by side all down the length of it, leaving a free passage for walking up the room between the beds on either side. Pained, patient little faces they were that gazed at John and the children, but what a smile of joy spread over each as they saw Henry Hambledon!

Just whilst Rag and Tag were wondering what was the matter with each child, they heard the clergyman in a quiet gentle voice say:

"Now, dear children, before we say good-night, let us have our evening hymn;" and from the twenty-four little weak, quivering voices there rose such a sweet song, and sung with such feeling, that the hardest heart must have been touched and the sound in heaven much loved.

"We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

"Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey—
Yet there's room for millions more.

"Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessels on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.

"When we all are safely anchored
We will shout, our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore."

Rag and and Tag felt their hearts giving great jumps and thumps; they longed to go and speak to each child, and ask what was the matter with them and beg them to sing again that beautiful hymn; but they could not; for Henry Hambledon held up a warning finger, and then from the twenty-four little sick children there arose, with feeble yet earnest pleading voices, our dear Lord's own beautiful prayer, taught by Him to His disciples, and which through them has been taught to and will be prayed by all people who are true Christians till time shall be no more and His kingdom shall have come.

"I WAS WAITING TO SAY GOOD-NIGHT."

After going to each bed and blessing each little inmate the clergyman quietly withdrew, and Mr. Hambledon signed to John and the children to do the same; but Rag and Tag had time to see three gentle-looking women pass up the room and busy themselves in smoothing the pillows and arranging the poor little sufferers for the night.

"Wait one moment, John," called out Mr. Hambledon: "As we don't often have the pleasure of your company here, just stay and come with me to what we call the '*Well* Room.' Rag and Tag must come also."

To a much smaller room he led them, with twelve beds in it, and only ten out of the twelve occupied; the inmates were all fast asleep with the exception of one girl, who, risng herself up as the door opened, called out to Mr. Hambledon—"I was waiting to say good-night; good-night, father."

"Why, little one," he answered, "you are looking well to-night."

"Too well I'am afraid."

"Child, don't say that; what do you mean?

"When I am well—quite, quite well, I must go, and I'd like never to go from here."

"Hush, my child, you are still here—don't take up to-morrow's burden; good-night and God bless you."

"Poor little lass?" said honest John, as they went downstairs; "she seems to be loath to leave you."

"Yes, that's the saddest of all, having to part with them; but we always keep our eye on them afterwards, and I am thankful to say not one who has been in our little hospital has turned out badly."

"They are all little lasses, are they not?"

"Yes; in time we hope to manage a boy's ward, but at present we have not the means; it takes a good lot of money to keep this going—but it's wonderful how it comes in from sources where we had least expected it. The doctor won't take a penny for all he does, neither for the medicines he gives, or anything; but I assure you, John, more than twenty years ago, when we lost our four little ones from a bad fever, and there were so many little sick and suffering ones all round us here, and my wife and I thought of taking in or two to nurse, just in the place of those we had lost, the Lord has never let us want for money, and when we were hardest put to it to know how we shall manage, it always comes; and when my wife found quantities were increasing, and she could not attend to the children as well as formenly, then her two sisters, both widows, came forward and offered to help. And our dear good clergyman, Mr. Hannington, is a great blessing and help to us; and so you see the Lord keeps us going. I often think it's like the manna in the wilderness—He just give us enough for each day, that just all our trust may be in Him."

"Eh, Henry Hambledon, what a lesson you have taught me this night. When I see all you are doing for the Lord, I'm ashamed of myself."

"You are doing a work for the Lord there;" and the kind, good. elderly man nodded towards Rag and Tag.

(To be Continued.)

The Family Circle.

THE LITTLE MAID THAT SLEPT.

Sombre folds the windows shroud,
Phantom figures come and go—
Hearts that must not beat too loud,
Muffled footfalls, whisper low,
Cool deft hands—about a bed
Where, 'neath fevers scorching sway,
Lies a little restless head,
Tossing, tossing, tossing aye.
But the hour of fate draws nigh,
And the mid-sun overhead
Shrieks and drops from out the sky—
Yea, the child is dead!

But she lies so dimpling-fair,
In her bed-gown long and white,
With her waves of heavy hair
Drowning neck and shoulder bright,
With the flower-lip just apart,
Half way budded to a smile—
Pure young heart, O sweet child-heart,
Hardly smirched with human guile!
Life so bright on cheek and brow
And those thin white lids of hers—
Fancy whispers, "Softly now,
Softly—see, she stirs!"

But the twin hands fairy-small,
Crossed above the bosom's snow,
Never rise and hang and fall
With the breath's soft ebb and flow.
Yea, the breaking mother-heart,
Throbbing close, in anguish prest,
Vainly would its warmth impart
To the blue-veined marble breast;
Kisses win no kissed reply,
Yea, the pet-name softly said
Lures no smiles to mouth and eye—
Truly, she is dead.

* * * * *

First to heaven He turns his eyes
One long moment, as in prayer,
Then upon the maid that lies
Lapt in slumber still and fair,
Lo, His hands just touch the clay;
"Little maiden; wake, arise!"
And the sharp sweet light of day
Smites in lightning on her eyes,
And the blood's swift tide again,
Like a stream its chain that breaks,
Sings through every tingling vein,
As she sighs, and smiles, and wakes.
Lips that laugh and eyes that weep,
Throat that thrills with stifled scream!
Little maiden, thou didst sleep—
Oh to know thy dream!

Frederick Langbridge, in Good Words.

LUCY'S TROUBLES.

What are we to do with our troubles? Everybody has troubles, little people as well as big ones, home troubles, and school troubles —some which we make ourselves, and some which others make for us.

"I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me and delivered me from all my troubles," said King David, long, long yearsago. But I can tell you of a little child who cried unto the Lord, and He heard her and delivered her out of her troubles, for God is no respecter of persons. Old and young and little ones too He cares for all.

Lucy was a little girl who, like all other little girls, had a birthday once a year. But she was more fortunate than tens of thousands of poor little girls, for she had always presents on that day, many and handsome. This birthday that I am to tell you about she began in unusual happiness, soon to change into, for her, unusual misery. Amongst the many presents which she found lying on the side-table when, allsmiles and hopes, she entered the breakfast-room, was one in a long, narrow parcel. It was the largest of all, and it was from auntie, loving, generous auntie. What could it be? It would at least be sure to be something very, very nice. After a hasty and happy glance at all the rest of the things, Lucy begged mamma to open this long, narrow parcel. The string was out, the cover was unfolded, and lo! a beautiful white satin-paper box, with gilt edges and gilt corners, appeared. But the box was not the present, it had something in it. So on tiptoe of excitement Lucy lifted the lid; still the present was not seen, only pretty lace frilling all along the edges inside the box, which covered whatever there was beneath. "What could it be, with such a very pretty box to carry it and such delicate frills to cover it?" thought delighted Lucy, and she turned the frills back and looked underneath, but only to see a roll of paper. Then the roll of paper was lifted out of the box and carefully unrolled, when, what do you think she found? a beautiful blue parasol! It had a smooth white handle, which doubled in the middle, a white silk lining, and a deep a white silk lining and a deep blue fringe; and it was as delicate and pretty a thing as the heart could wish. At the sight of it Lucy was in ecstasies of delight. At once she put it up and strutted round the room with it, happy as a queen. In a minute or two a thought struck Lucy. She went to the window and having looked out into the road, she turned to her mamma, and said in her most loving way, "Oh, mamma! do let me go out for a walk. It will be so nice to go for a walk." "Well, yes, my darling, you may go, though it is not a very nice day." "And with my parasol?" asked Lucy. "With your parasol!" exclaimed mamma, and then looking out of the window at the dull very February sky, and with a smile on her kind face she added, "There is no need of a parasol such a dull day as today."

Now this day was, as mamma had said, dull, and mist lay on the fields. It looked, too, like rain. But poor Lucy, almost in tears at her mamma's decision, pleaded, "Oh, do let me take my parasol! it *may* be fine. The sun *might* come out. Do, dear mamma, *do* let me take it." Now Lucy's mamma was very fond of Lucy, and she did not want her to do a foolish thing and to be laughed at by all the girls of the village: so she said, very gently, "No, my pet; you may go ior a walk, but not with your parasol." Then Lucy burst into tears, and forgetting that it was unwise as well as naughty to be self-willed, she said, Oh! mamma, it *is* unkind, it *is* unkind," At length, as it was Lucy's birthday, and her mamma was especially unwilling on that day to grieve her, Lucy was permitted to go her walk and to take her parasol. Lucy was delighted, but Lucy's kind mamma was very sorry, almost angry.

Gay and glad, away tripped Lucy down the village, all the way thinking how people must admire her blue parasol, then into the fields, to return home another way. The footpath in the fields was of wet and slippery clay, and the clay stuck to Lucy's boots. So as she was mounting a stile,—which was like a little ladder up one side of a hedge-bank and down the other,—at the top round, her little foot slipped. She fell forward with all her weight on to her blue parasol, and sad to tell, crushed the beautiful silk into the mud, and broke the handle right in two. Poor Lucy! When she stood over her ruined treasure and saw what she had done, how miserable she was, and oh, what tears she shed! She had hurt herself, but that was not the reason for her misery and tears—her *sins* were the cause. Her first thought was of her mamma, then of her own self-will, then of what auntie would say. With broken heart she picked up the parasol, and as best she could, rubbed off the dirt from the silk with her handkerchief. But what could she do with the handle? "Oh, what *shall* I do, what *shall* I do?" she sobbed, as through blinding tears she looked at her broken present. Then Lucy thought of God, and of how her mother had taught her that God heard prayer, and she wondered if God would hear her prayer, and if He would mend her parasol, and help her out of her great trouble. Then she said to herself she would try. So away she trudged, looking for a quiet corner in the field where nobody could see her, and when she had found one, putting the broken pieces of the handle together and pressing them with all her little might, broken-hearted and wretched, she kneeled down, shut her eyes, and prayed. It was an earnest prayer. Then she looked at the parasol handle and gently tried it, but it was broken still. And again she shut her eyes and prayed even more earnestly than before, "O God, *do* mend my parasol!"—and then thinking of her own self-will—"I *will* be a good girl if you will. Oh, *do* mend it." Then she opened her eyes again, and gently touched the broken part, but only to find that it was not mended. So poor Lucy had another good cry, and wished, oh how much! that she had done what her mamma wanted her to do. But it was too late now, and God would not help her. At length she arrived at her home, rang the bell, and at the opening of the door, rushed into her mamma's room, and told her mamma her trouble, and added "and I asked God to mend it, and he won't. I've been so naughty. Oh, mamma! do forgive me!" and she fell into her mamma's arms and sobbed as if she must sob her little soul away. Now, the sight of the greatness of poor Lucy's grief, and especially the fact that Lucy had thought of God in her trouble, softened and pleased mamma so much, that she replied at once "Oh yes, Lucy, I'll forgive you; don't cry so. Let us pray together, my pet, that God may help Lucy to give up her own will." So what Lucy most feared—her mamma's displeasure —passed away, and they prayed. And Lucy loved her mamma more from that day, and mamma loved her Lucy more. She had another parasol, and, what was more precious to Lucy, another and a better spirit. And so God answered Lucy's prayer. She cried unto God in her troubles, and he delivered her from them. Only *her* way out of them was one and *God's* way out of them was another—a way, too, as Lucy knew in the end, far better than hers. He did more than she had asked: He turned away the anger of her mamma; He gave her, too, a whole-handled parasol; but he gave her far more—a wiser mind, a more submissive will, and the beginning of a happier, more loving, and more beloved life.—*Rev. Benjamin Waugh, in Sunday Magazine.*

MABEL'S QUESTIONS.

BY MISS ROSE PORTER.

Miss Thankful Bennet and Mabel Grant sitting in the library of the old stone house at R.,—Miss Thankful in her crimson-cushioned arm-chair, the young girl on a low stool at her feet, the old lady's hand resting caressingly on the girl's bowed head, while in low voices they talked of those questions that are wont to stir young hearts—and old, too, for that matter. This is the picture we hold before you, while we bid you listen to their talk. It was Mabel who spoke first, saying:

"My life,—it seems so useless. I seem never to have sought anything really worth seeking; pleasant things have come to me, and so, month after month, I have gone on, from one good time to another, letting years slip by. Think how many! I will be eightsen to-morrow! Please help me to begin a different way of living, dear Miss Thankful. I am so dissatisfied when I look backward, and there are so many things that puzzle me; that dreadful little '*Why* are things as they are?' not for myself, but I mean the troubles and sufferings come to other people. Oh it puzzles me so—'Why are things?' The question lies like an unsolved, unsolvable enigma at the threshold of so many, many events and queries."

Miss Thankful was silent for a few minutes, then she said:

"The twilight is deepening, but bring me that vase of flowers Arthur and you gathered this morning. I think I can see them."

And Mabel brought them, wondering had Miss Thankful forgotten her question about the puzzling "why," and her longing to live a more satisfactory life? No, the old lady had not forgotten.

The flowers were almost all roadside and field blossoms. Miss Thankful looked at them carefully before she said, pointing to a beautiful plume-like stem of golden-rod:

"Where do you find that, Mabel."

"Quite up on the hilltop," Mabel answered; "it had the happiest home, where the early morning sunlight fell on it, and where at night star-beams could nestle down amid its golden flowers."

Miss Thankful smiled as she touched a sprig of blue grass, saying, "And this?"

"Oh, that grew on a dreary sandbank; but spite the burning rays of the noonday heat the little stem budded and bloomed," answered Mabel.

Then Miss Thankful pointed to every one of Mabel's flowers, asking of them all the same question. The last thing she touched was a bit of wild grapevine, laden with tiny grapes just beginning to be kissed into purple ripeness; and Mabel told how the vine twined for support around a great oak tree that had been lightning-blasted.

Then, very quietly, Miss Thankful said:

"Did not God know why the lupin most needed the sandy soil, the scorching rays of the sun, to bring forth its flower? Did not the Lord govern why the grapes just of wild grapevine, laden with tiny grapes just beginning to be kissed into purple ripeness; and Mabel told how the vine twined for support around a great oak tree that had been lightning-blasted.

Then, very quietly, Miss Thankful said:

"Did not God know why the lupin most needed the sandy soil, the scorching rays of the sun, to bring forth its flower? Did not the Lord govern why the grape-vine needed the storm-shattered oak to twine about, that its fruit might ripen? the golden-rod, the hilltop and morning sunlight? Ah! child, be content, the Lord who cares for the blossoms of the earth He careth and sendeth just what is best for His children. Leave your question then, of 'Why are things as they are?' at the foot of the cross, believing He who knows the full meaning of the cross never will send one pang which is not needful; believing He knows why some need the arid sand, like the lupin, others the smile of sunlight and starlight to bring the 'fruits of the spirit' into bloom and ripeness. So leave your enigma question with Him, content that while God manifests Himself in different ways to His children, in all the ways he is a Father, if we have the child's heart of trust."

Miss Thankful said but little more to Mabel that evening. The only reply she made to her first question, "Help me to lead a more satisfactory life," was:

"I can give you but one receipt, child, for this satisfactory living, and my telling it will be of no help to you unless you act on it—"Whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God."——Just then the servant came in, bringing lights; one by one the family assembled: the tea-ball rang; for,—life does not make long pauses for quiet talks. Well, it need not, for wisdom-words somehow seem to mean more when they are brief, just like our love-names that are not precious for their length, but for their fullness.—*N. Y Observer.*

AMATEUR ART DECORATION.

In conversation with a lady not long since (and she is only the type of a large class) she said: "I took drawing lessons at school, of course, because it was expected of me, and because the other girls did; but I had not the slightest interest in them. Since household art has become popular I have essayed several little things, and I discover that I have a decided taste in this direction. The long and short of it is," she continued, "I have determined to give up society and devote myself to art. Accordingly I have begun at the foundation, and am now taking drawing lessons, and I find them delightful." With plenty of means and luxurious surroundings, this lady has heretofore led a monotonous, aimless life of fashion. Already she has a glimpse of the boundless source of happiness and improvement which lies before her. Time will no longer lie heavy on her hands as she enters with zest and enthusiasm upon this new career.

Our young people of both sexes are equally interested in decorating china and pottery, carving, fret sawing, painting in oils and water colors, and the like. Let those who frown at fancy work as a "wicked waste of time" observe these young amateurs when they meet. Eager to compare notes and to exchange bits of information as to methods, or to tell of the last new collection of bric-a-brac, they have little time for personal gossip or silly flirtation.

Why not encourage the children of the family to gather about the library table in the evening with their decorating, their knitting, embroidery and carving? If their friends come in, so much the better; let them join in the circle too, from which father and mother need not be excluded.

How much more cheerful such a fireside than the one to which a fair maiden belongs, who once said to us, "Father don't like fancy work, and he hates to see me sewing on anything that is pretty. He says I ought to be sewing for the poor instead of wasting my time. He does not read to us, and seldom says anything, so you may imagine our evenings are dreadfully poky. Mamma sits with her basket of mending, and looks so tired of it all. If no one comes in, I am glad enough to hear the clock strike nine, so that I can go to bed cold and the dreary day."

How a few gay colors would have brightened that young girl's life! Supposing her father had laid aside his cigar and brought out a volume of Ruskin, or read aloud a few chapters from Mrs. Spofford's book on Household Art, or from Prime's new work on Pottery; if the weary mother could have persuaded herself and her husband that she was doing useful work if she should make some of the thousand pretty things that are devised for home adornment, how she would have been rested by the change! How delightfully would have passed the evenings for them all!

We do not wish to defend any occupation which is a waste of time, neither do we advocate recreation in place of real work, but people must and will have some amusement. An occasional relaxation from the dull routine of daily work is an absolute necessity. Is it not well, then, to encourage that sort of diversion which tends to refine the taste, which cultivates the intellect and leads the way into larger fields of usefulness and knowledge?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

STRONG OR WEAK MEN.—We mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake—he, cause he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flat, grand insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of the solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial, remain silent, and never tell the world what it was that cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste —he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, can yet restrain himself and forgive—these are strong men, spiritual heroes. —*Robertsons.*

TRUST THE CHILDREN.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Yes, do trust the children. There little hearts are brimful of love and confidence in you; have the same in them. We have known many and many a mother, who taught her children to lie; mothers who were professing Christians, who would scorn to lie themselves, who would punish a child for telling a lie, and yet would deliberately teach then to do it. How did they do it? Easily enough. Out of numberless ways we will cite but one.

A friend of mine whose little daughter's hands were badly chapped, asked her if she had been playing in the snow.

"Yes, a little bit," was the reply.

"Well, don't do it any more," said the mother, "for it makes your hands chap."

The child promised she wouldn't. A day or two afterward I happened to be there, when the little girl came in to dinner, her mother washed her hands, remarking as she did so.

"Allie, Mrs. M. said she saw you and Eddie with a whole bank of snowballs. You have broken your promise and I must punish you."

"Mamma, I didn't, I didn't," sobbed the child.

"But Mrs. M. saw you," and in spite of the child's sobbing assertions of innocence, she was led from the room and punished.

When Eddie came home from school he said to me, not knowing that Allie had been punished for playing in the snow:

"I had a whole bank of snow-balls yesterday—jolly ones!"

"Did you!" I said. "Allie is nice help to make them."

"I made 'em alone. Allie never touched 'em—yes, she did; she picked up one that fell off," he added.

I told the mother, and she went to see Mrs. M., and found that she had only seen Allie with one snowball in her hand, which she laid on the bank, so she supposed she was making them. My friend made a new dress for the child's doll, and took her to ride, saying to me, "That will make it all right."

I didn't think so. The mischief was done and could not be so easily repaired; the little heart had been cruelly wounded because its word had not been believed first, and before all others, until proven guilty; afterward to lie and deceive came easy.

The quickest and easiest way to make a child untruthful, and deceitful, is to accuse him of being such. The most of people, if a child has candy given him, will take it and put it out of his reach; thus showing by their actions that they do not trust him. Many people say children haven't judgment you can't trust them. You can trust them, and you must teach them by every means in your power to rely implicitly on your judgment. This they will do if you give them a reason for what you ask them to do, or not to do, instead of simply command them.

The little child who cries bitterly when it finds you have gone slyly away for an afternoon call, or walk, will stay cheerfully and pleasantly at home if you explain to him why he cannot accompany you, and treat him like a rational being which he is. But this subject is almost inexhaustible, and I leave it, with these few lines, to the careful consideration of all mothers.—*The Household.*

BIRDS' FEELINGS.

It is beyond question that there are feelings and emotions in birds and beasts akin to certain similar manifestations in man. Take pride of appearance, for example. The human creature in all its stages is subject to this feeling; indeed, it is our power of self-respect in its proper place and degree. But other creatures than man share it with him. I have seen it in the house-sparrow and in several other birds, or something very like it. I once called at a friend's house who had a fine peacock. I asked to see it, and was told it was moulting at the time; its fine tail was gone, and therefore was in hiding, and disliked to be seen; it felt ashamed of its poor dress. I once lodged at a gentleman's house who had a pair of canary birds in a large cage; they had had that year two batches of four young ones each time. They were all full grown, but one of the young ones had the misfortune to have a black feather in its wing. The whole family persecuted it because of that one black feather, each one taking hold of the offensive feather to pull it out whenever the poor bird came near It had to sit by itself in consequence, lost heart, and had to be given away. When a boy, I was enjoying myself one fine May evening, on the sunny side of a dry-built stone wall near my father's house. A great many sparrows were busy in the wall nest-making. Seeing a cock-sparrow go into a hole within my reach, I made a rush and put my hand over the hole. The bird finding it suddenly dark, rushed out into my hand. I had him. I had no intention to harm him, but with a boy's curiosity, felt a wish to know him in future among the others, and to this end cut a small bit off his tail and let him go. I did not see him again. A week or so after I caught another cock-sparrow at the same place, and marked him in the same way. The sparrows went on with their nest-making and family life, but neither of my cock-sparrows put in an appearance. In the month of July, while wandering among the hills, a long way from home, I saw an old ruin, and went to it to search for birds'-nests. While thus occupied, what starts out from the hole but my two forgotten cock-sparrows! Not another bird was there, and they ran from hole to hole as silent as if they had lost their voices, nor would they quit their solitary abode. Evidently the small bit off their tails had broken their hearts and driven them to each other as brothers in adversity. Why had they gone into banishment to spend a gloomy summer in each other's society? Had their mates discarded them because of their stubby tails? or had they magnanimously dissolved the marriage relation, leaving their hens to the joys of fine tailed sparrows and the pleasures of family life? I thought of David's men at Jericho, with their garments cut off, so ashamed that they could not return home. Well, the sparrows next spring would have got new tails, and then, I hope, they came back into society, but not with a good opinion of me. Certain it is that I never hurt another sparrow, and that I tried to make up the evil by kindness to all sparrows during winter.—*Leisure Hours.*

THE KARRIOLE IN SWEDEN.

The karriole is a Norwegian institution, but some provinces of Sweden have borrowed it. It resembles a cart, a drosky, a tilbury, a sulky, yet differs from all. It is composed of a circular wooden seat for one person, ornamented with a hard flat cushion like a pancake, of wood and perched on a pair of large wheels. Between the seat and the axletree two half hoops serve as springs and make a base pretence of modifying the violence of the jolting. Between the long shafts stands a rusty little horse with unkempt mane, quick eye, prominent ribs and a nervous and steely ankle. The harness is as strange as the vehicle, as wild as the horse, One of the reins is a rope, the other a leather strap rusty with age and weather. But even here the Scandinavian love of color comes in. The horse's collar is ornamented with carved wood painted in brilliant hues, and to it hang a half dozen or more sleigh-bells. You swing up into your rolling chair, your valise fixed between your feet; your young conductor hands you the reins and jumps up behind, and kneels on a narrow board there, his hands holding on to your back. When you are ready he utters a sibilant sound something like this *pr-pr-pr*; and to the horse this is a magic utterance. He shakes his mane, starts off at a gallop, plunges down hill with his belly to the ground, and takes the ascents by storm. The karriole follows him, jumping, bounding, dancing, describing unheard-of-zigzags over the bosom of Mother Earth. Relays are made at certain stages. The traveller leaves not only horse, but karriole, and enters another, bag and baggage. The boy who accompanied the preceding relay receives the stipulated price of the conveyance, shakes hands cordially with the traveller, and returns home with his horse and karriole. One of his youthful compatriots succeeds him on the fresh karriole, and thus the traveller passes in review the coming generation of Scandinavia. Though the karrioles vary little in appearance, no one of your young companions resembles the other. One, timid and fearful, crouches behind on the board, hangs tightly by your shoulders and never utters a word; another, wide awake to an astonishing degree, carries on a ceaseless discourse in his own language, and seems quite indignant that you do not understand Swedish like a native. Often the boy jumps to the ground, trots beside the vehicle, springs up again with a bound on to the shafts, stands there astride like a circus-rider, jumps, dances and turn summersaults, without the pony relaxing his headlong pace for an instant. Sometimes your young postilion, anxious to show the superiority of Swedish horse-flesh over all other in the world, stimulates the courser of the karriole. You hold the reins, it is true, but the animal pays no attention to any one but his fellow-countryman. It is he who urges him on by a gesture or stops him by a word.

For the most part, however, the best energies of the gamin are devoted to sparing the horse, which is perhaps the only treasure, and certainly the friend and companion, of the family. The whip is an instrument almost unknown in Sweden, and if you venture to caress the backbone of your horse with a switch, the poor boy behind will groan at every stroke as if he were being switched himself.

The diligence of France and the stage-coach of England are replaced in Scandinavia not by one but a whole procession of karrioles, the column headed by the post-carrier. It is great fun to meet a joyous, noisy caravan like this; with bells ringing, laughter and chat resounding, in the stillness of these great solitudes. Conversation is carried on by the travellers jumping down and running alongside of one another's karriole. All karrioles upset once or twice a day—this is the expected average—in which case the horse, trained by long custom, stops; all the other karrioles in the procession do the same; the gamin in charge of the conveyance examines his harness and vehicle to see if anything is broken; the traveller picks himself up; and away goes the caravan again at a lively gallop.—*Olive Logan, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

ON A DEATH BED.

BY REV. J. B. TAYLOR.

Some years ago, on a dark and stormy night, as I was about to lie down to sleep, a messenger came with the request that I would hurry to a certain house whose location he described, and see a young man, L., who was supposed to be near his end. I soon made my way to the place, and was ushered into the chamber where the sick man lay. His friends stood around their apparently-dying loved one. The physician had just taken his departure, having done all in his power to relieve the sufferer, and saying that the patient could not live till morning. I took my seat by the young man's bedside, and talked to him about his preparation for eternity. He was able to speak, and seemed to be in perfect possession of his mental faculties. He said in substance, that though not connected with any church, he was not afraid to die—that he had found peace in believing, and had been enabled to commit his soul to the keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ My heart was made glad at this, and I congratulated him on the hopes which sustained him in the near prospect of death, and then urged upon those who were present the importance of preparation for a dying hour. Some of the sweet promises from God's word were then read, and prayer was made to our Heavenly Father, after which I took leave of L., expecting to see him no more in this world

But, strange to say, in a few hours an unlooked-for change for the better took place, and by morning the sick man was not only living, but improving, and soon recovered. A few days after, I sought a quiet uninterrupted interview with L. Imagine my surprise when, on my having alluded to that eventful night and its solemn circumstances, he expressed himself as utterly ignorant of anything that occurred on that occasion. He said that he was unaware of my visit and the conversation referred to, that he had never knowingly professed conversion to God, and that, had he died, his soul would have been lost.

Reader, the explanation is that the sick man was delirious, though apparently in his right mind, and was utterly unconscious of all that occurred. And yet, had he died, I should have thought of his peaceful, almost triumphant death, and his surviving loved ones would have talked of him as safe in heaven.
—*American Messenger.*

THE CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCE.

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* writes:—

"In the article on training of children I notice one omission that I think very important. That is the evil of parents making weekly allowance to children, and not enquiring into the expenditure of it. I have friends who seem so indifferent in this matter that when the allowance is gone, and they are asked for more, they give without questioning for fear the children might feel they had not confidence in them.

"Now this has been a subject I have thought over very carefully, and would like to give my experience for the benefit of anxious mothers. When my boys were old enough to assume this responsibility they had a book given them to keep their accounts in—printed at first, of course, as they could not write—and a promise that all they had in hand at the end of the month would be doubled for them to put in the bank.

"Now this brought each book under my inspection every month, to them apparently of their own accord. There was never any faultfinding with the contents, but if necessary advice for future use. For charitable gifts they are always ready, and at Christmas also, as they have full liberty to take up their bank account and give as they please, I knowing well that not one step would be taken without my advice In this way, while yet schoolboys, they have become somewhat familiar with business, and the older ones now in business show the benefit to them of this course by jotting down all their daily expenses so systematically as to be of very little trouble at the time, but making it very easy to keep within the limits assigned them. Girls do not have the same temptations as boys, and yet it is equally necessary they should be taught system and prudence in money matters, so I am trying the same plan with my little girl, and so far find it takes charmingly. I am sure that if mothers were more faithful we should hear less of fraud and corruption."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. Who was the first Jew to marry a Gentile?
26. What is the first mountain mentioned in the Bible?
27. What were the first words spoken to man?
28. Who was the first negro convert to christianity mentioned in the Bible?
29. Who was the first that was called "the Hebrew" or Jew?
30. What is the first Bible record of the use of a navy?
31. When was the ferry-boat first used, and by whom?
32. Where and by whom was the first missionary meeting held?
33. Where is mention first made of the purchase of land?
34. Where is the first mention of printing in the Bible?
35. What is the first recorded use of current money?
36. What was the text of our Saviour's first sermon?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The witness stone that kinsman raised
   On Gilead's mount on solemn day.
2. Whence came the spoilers whom the sword
   Of God and Gideon swept away?
3. A hill where outlaws spared a king,
   And foes were quickly turned to friends.
4. A warrior, whom, with change of name,
   His chieftain an employment sends.
5. Once nigh to perish; of twelve sons
   The father, and of a mighty race.
6. A city whence invaders driven,
   In mourning seek Jehovah's grace.
7. Where o'er the plain the idol reared
   Its height, and martyrs God revered.
8. Unrighteous judge, degenerate child;
   Brief was the rule his sin defiled.

   The *initials* and the *finals* show
   A loyal friend, a traitorous foe;
   Over a loyal head they strive,
   And one departeth not alive;
   The latter justly death o'ertakes,
   The former gratitude forsakes.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS OF APRIL 1ST.

1. Light. Gen. i., 3.
2. The coming of Christ. Gen. iii., 16.
3. Cain. Gen. iv., 17.
4. Moses. Ex. xiii., 13.
5. Abram Gen. xii., 1, 6.
6. Cain. Gen. iv., 9.
7. Aaron Ex. xxviii., 1.
8. The woman Eve. Gen. iii. 1.
9. Adam. Gen. ii., 15.
10. Tubal Cain. Gen iv. 22.
11. Adam. Gen. iii. 24.
12. The words, "Holiness to the Lord," upon Aaron's mitre. Ex. xxviii., 36.

Answer to Enigma, SINAI.

The following are the names of those who have, up to date, sent answers to the questions of April 1st, and the number of correct answers given by each:—Seward Estabrooks, Sackville, N. B., 7; Mitchell Fulton, Wallace, N. S., 9; Phebe C. Cheeney, Kenmore, 7; Lillie Jackson, Saugeen, Ont., 9; Lina Sutherland, Ingersoll, Ont., 10; Walter E. Seelye, East Cornwall, Conn., sends answer to Enigma only.

—Out of a careless and unarmored way spring up mischievous habits which at first are not very striking nor very disastrous. Prominent among them is the habit of carelessness respecting the truth—carelessness in respect to giving one's word in the form of a promise. It were wise for a man to think twice before ever he promises once, because when you have promised, let the heavens fall, but keep your word. Keeping one's word is a good old-fashioned virtue. A man who is true to his word has a good habit. There is too much laxity in our time on this subject. There is too much charity for men who promise easily and forget yet more easily. They do not mean to break their word, but their memory fails them. They make an appointment, and fail to keep it; and their excuse is, "Really, I forgot it." They enter into an agreement, and they do not fulfill it, and all the reason they give for not fulfilling it is, "I didn t think." Why, that is the devil's garment that men put on. It does cover "a multitude of sins, but it covers them in order to keep them and nourish them. And it is wise for every young man who is beginning life to put down in a book, as a maxim, among others, for himself, this: Never make a promise without a distinct and deliberate thought as to whether you can fulfil it or not; and having made a promise, keep it at all hazards, even though it be to your damage. Do not break your word.—*Beecher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1878, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XVIII.

MAY 5.]

THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH. [About 586 B. C.]

READ *Jer.* 52 : 1-11. RECITE vs. 6, 8.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Jer. 52 : 1-11. *T.*—2 Kings 25 : 1-12. *W.*—Ezek. 17 : 11-21. *Th.*—Deut. 28 : 47-58. *F.*—Lam. 1 : 1-11. *Sa.*—Rosh. 24 : 1-14. *S.*—Luke 21 : 20-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jerusalem hath greviously sinned; therefore she is removed.—Lamentations 1 : 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The rebellious are punished.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem after a brief siege, B. C. 605, and dethroned Jehoiakim who was afterward restored to his throne as a vassal; but his treasures were carried off to Babylon and the vessels of the sanctuary used in the temple of Belus. Daniel and his three companions, with others, were carried into Chaldea. It is from this period that the commencement of the seventy years' captivity is usually dated. Eight years later a second detachment of Jews, numbering ten thousand of the chief people, were brought to Chaldea. [In this company came the prophet Ezekiel.] Finally, in 586 B.C., came the fall of Jerusalem, and the captivity which is the subject of our lesson. [This lesson agrees almost word for word in the Hebrew with 2 Kings 24 : 18-25 : 7.]

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Try to get a clear idea of the events which led to the Babylonian captivity. Read some Old Testament history, as Smith's or Blaikie's, if you can get access to any. Study the mutual relations of Babylon, Judah, and Egypt. Mark how, in God's providence, prophecy was fulfilled and divine justice executed upon the guilty nation.

NOTES.—*Zed-e-ki-ah (Justice of Jehovah)*, last king of Judah, son of Josiah, brother to King Jehoahaz, half-brother to Jehoiakim, and uncle to Jehoiachin. He did that which was evil, 2 Kings 24 : 19; comp. 2 Chron. 36 : 12, 13; Jer. 37 : 2; Ezek. 17 : 13-15; 21 : 25; reigned 598-588 B. C. His capture by the Babylonians had been prophesied Jer. 33 : 23; Ezek. 12 : 13. *Neb-u-chad-rez-zar*, an older form, found only in Jeremiah and Ezekiel, for Nebuchadnezzar, the second king of Babylon; reigned 43 years (604 561 B. C.); distinguished for his military conquests and for his extension and adornment of Babylon. His name occurs about ninety times in the Scriptures, being found in the books of Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel. *Bab-y-lon*, the great capital of the Chaldean monarchy; sometimes Nebuchadnezzar's palace the wall of which was six miles in circumference; destroyed by Alexander the Great 325 B. C. Among the extensive ruins have been found many bricks stamped with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. *Rib-lah*, a city on the Orontes River, 200 miles north-east of Jerusalem. *Land of Ha'-math* a part of the great valley of the Orontes, or Cœle-Syria, between the ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) REIGN OF ZEDEKIAH. (II.) CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM. (III.) CAPTIVITY OF ZEDEKIAH.

I. REIGN OF ZEDEKIAH. (1.) ZEDEKIAH, see Notes; HAMUTAL, King Josiah's wife, whose home was at Libnah, five miles west of Eleutheropolis. (2.) ALL THAT JEHOIAKIM HAD DONE, he was a very wicked man, oppressive and cruel, Ezek. 19 : 5-7, covetous, unjust, lascivious, bloodthirsty, comp. Jer. 22 : 13-17; 26 : 20-23; 36: 23. (3.) REBELLED, he had taken the oath of allegiance to Nebuchadnezzar. 2 Chron. 36 : 13; Ezek. 17 : 13.

1. QUESTIONS.—Zedekiah's father? Mother? Brothers? Duration of his reign? Character? Give an account of some of the evil deeds of Jehoiakim. How was Jehovah's feeling indicated? What action of the king ensured his destruction? To whom had he taken an oath of allegiance? State the circumstances.

II. CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM. [This siege was prophesied by Ezekiel in his exile. Ezek. 21.] (4.) NEBUCHADREZZAR, see Notes; PORTS, ramparts. (5.) ONTO THE ELEVENTH YEAR, the siege was sustained for 18 months. (6.) FAMINE WAS SORE, inhuman horrors were perpetrated in consequence, comp. Lam. 2 : 20, 21; 4 : 9, 10, and Stanley's "Jewish Church." This agreed with the prophetic announcements, Rev. 26 : 29; Deut. 28 : 52-57; Jer. 15 : 2; 27 : 13; Ezek. 4 : 16, 17. (7.) KING'S GARDEN, at the mouth of the Tyropœon valley, the south-east corner of the city; BY WAY OF THE PLAIN, over the Mount of Olives, eastward, toward the Jordan valley.

II. QUESTIONS.—By whom was the city besieged? For how long? Give illustrations from the Lamentations concerning the terror of the famine. Predictions that this should be the result of apostasy. The flight was at what time? In which direction?

III. CAPTIVITY OF ZEDEKIAH. (8.) PLAINS OF JERICHO, the Arabah or great plain along the Jordan, seven miles wide at Jericho, twenty miles north-east of Jerusalem. (9.) RIBLAH . . . HAMATH, see Notes; GAVE JUDGEMENT UPON HIM, as guilty of rebellion and perjury, Ezek. 23 : 24. (11.) PUT OUT THE EYES, a common punishment in the East, fulfilling the prophecy of Ezekiel 12 : 16.

III. QUESTIONS.—By whom was the fleeing king pursued? Where overtaken? Where carried? By whom judged? Fate of his sons? His own punishments? Prophecies fulfilled?

What does this lesson teach us as to—

(1.) The horrors of war?

(2.) The fulfillment of prophecy?

(3.) God's use of the world powers in accomplishing his purposes?

LESSON XIX.

MAY 12.]

THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON. [About 605 B. C.]

READ DAN. 1 : 8-17. RECITE vs. 12, 15.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Dan. 1 : 8-17. *T.*—Dan. 1 : 1 17. *W.*—Gen. 39 : 1-6. *Th.*—Jud. 13 : 4-14. *F.*—Prov. 31 : 1-9. *Sa.*—PROV. 23 : 1-8, 29-35. *S.*—1 Cor. 9 : 19-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—A good understanding have all they that do his commandments.—Psalm 111 : 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God honors them that honor him.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Daniel and his companions were carried into Babylon after Nebuchadnezzar's first siege of Jerusalem, about 605 B. C., nearly 20 years before the final captivity of Judah, which was the subject of the last lesson.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Mark what a good example Daniel was in piety, temperance, courtesy, studiousness, and wisdom.

NOTES.—*Dan'-i-el (God my judge)*, a Jew of noble, and perhaps royal, birth; carried to Babylon probably when about fourteen years old. His name changed to Belteshazzar (prince of Bel); occupied a high position in the court of three kings, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Cyrus; survived during the whole 70 years of the captivity, and reached the age of nearly ninety years, probably. *Prince of the Eu'-nuchs* corresponding to the *Kislar Aga*, or chief of the eunuchs, among the modern Turks. *Mel'-zar*, not a proper name, but a word used with the definite article, and from its derivation meaning "overseer over the drinks"—*i.e.*, the steward or chief butler. *Had-a-sah'-sah (God is gracious)*, whose name was changed to Shadrach, from *Rak*, the sun-god. [Noto that it was very common to give new names to captives. The Hebrew names signifying Jehovah were displaced by names in honor of the Babylonian gods.] *Mish'-a-el (who is as God is)* whose name was changed to Meshach, from *Shak*, the earth-god. *Azar'-iah (God a helper)*, whose name was changed to A-bed'-ne-go—*i.e.*, servant of *Nego*, the fire-god. Is. 46 : 1.

ASSYRIAN STEWARD OR "PRINCE OF EUNUCHS" BEFORE THE KING.
[From a sculpture of Nimroud.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*An Assyrian steward* or prince of eunuchs is represented in a sculpture found at Nimroud as beardless and standing before the king, holding in his right hand a fan or fly-flapper, and in his other a salver, on which he has handed a cup of wine to his master. The salver has a handle carved in the form of a bird's head. Rabshakeh was also a "chief of the eunuchs," as his name, "Rabsaris," indicates.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) DANIEL'S PURPOSE. (II.) HIS PROPOSED TEST. (III.) THE DIVINE APPROVAL.

I. DANIEL'S PURPOSE. (8.) DANIEL, see Notes; PURPOSED, determined, unlike many in captivity, compare Moses 9 : 3, 4; DEFILE HIMSELF, by eating that which was ceremonially unclean, or of which portions had been offered to the idol-gods of Babylon, compare Acts 10 : 14 : 1 Cor. 8 : 7, 10; 10 : 18-21, 28. (10.) WORSE LIKING, looking more gloomy and less healthy, comp. Matt. 6 : 16; OF YOUR SORT, your circle in age and rank; ENDANGER MY HEAD, death was the penalty for disobedience, and the passionate and bloody Nebuchadnezzar would be likely to inflict it.

I. QUESTIONS.—Date of the events? Persons carried to Babylon? For what purpose? v. 4. Hebrew names of the four chief ones? Babylonian names given? Signification of each? Daniel's determination? How might he defile himself? The New Testament rule as to things offered to idols? How was Daniel regarded? v. 8. Fear of the prince of eunuchs? Grounds for such fear?

II. HIS PROPOSED TEST. (11.) MELZAR, see Notes. (12.) PULSE TO EAT, "of the seed-fruits"—*i.e.*, a vegetable diet in general; compare Ezekiel 4 : 9; for some of the vegetables; WATER TO DRINK, instead of wine. (13.) OUR COUNTENANCES, our general physical appearance.

II. QUESTIONS.—To whom did Daniel make his proposition? His office? For how long a time was the test to continue? What were they to eat? Meaning of "pulse"? Mention some of the vegetables grown in Babylon. What was their drink to be? Other Scripture examples of total abstinence from wine and liquor? [Deut 29 : 6; Samson, Jud. 13 : 5; compare Num. 6 : 3; John the Baptist, Luke 1 : 15.] By what comparison was the result to be determined? How was the proposal received?

III. THE DIVINE APPROVAL. (15.) FAIRER AND FATTER, not only their faces, but their bodies generally. (16.) TOOK AWAY, no more approval. (17.) ALL LEARNING AND WISDOM, this is God's gift, bestowed also upon Bezaleel, Ex. 31 : 3, Solomon, 1 Kings 3 : 12, and promised to those who ask for it, James 1 : 5; VISIONS AND DREAMS, comp. Num. 12 : 16; Joseph had a like wisdom, Gen. 40 : 12 : 41 : 15, 38.

III. QUESTIONS.—How long was the test continued? Appearances of their countenances? Effect upon the steward (Melzar)? What was given by God to the four? What especially to Daniel? Similar wisdom in Joseph? How may we get wisdom from the same source? Do you ask for it? How often and how earnestly?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That temperance is healthful for body and soul?

(2.) That one may be godly in the midst of ungodly surroundings?

(3.) That wisdom is the gift of God?

LESSON XX.

MAY 19.]

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM. [About 603 B.C.]

READ DAN. 2 : 36-45. RECITE vs. 44, 45.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Dan. 2 : 36-45. *T.*—Dan. 2 : 24-35. *W.*—Isa. 41 : 21-29. *Th.*—Jer. 27 : 5-11. *F.*—Luke 1 : 68-80. *Sa.*—Rev. 11 : 15-19. *S.*—Psalm 72.

GOLDEN TEXT.—There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets.—Dan. 2 : 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord rules in the kingdoms of men.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The events of this lesson took place very soon after Daniel and his companions had completed their three years of training and shown their wisdom before King Nebuchadnezzar.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Form as clear a conception as possible of the various parts of the image seen in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and from your secular histories learn something of the four great world-kingdoms indicated, with their territory, characteristics, duration, and preparation for the Messiah's kingdom.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S KINGDOM. (II.) THREE SUCCEEDING KINGDOMS. (III.) MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

I. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S KINGDOM. (36.) WE, Daniel and his three companions, v. 17; INTERPRETATION, comp. Gen. 41 : 15. (37.) KING OF KINGS, the general-in-chief, the colonial sovereigns of the great kingdom formed by subduing many weaker kings. Ezra 7 : 12; Ezek. 26 : 7 : (38.) RULER OVER THEM ALL, God gave man dominion over all creatures, Gen. 1 : 26; Ps. 8 : 6-8; Heb 2 : 7, 8; THIS HEAD OF GOLD, you, as the king and representative of Babylon, "the golden city." Is. 14 : 4.

I. QUESTIONS.—Whom did Nebuchadnezzar first call upon to interpret his dream? Dan. 2 : 2. Their reply? Punishment threatened? Order for their death? Daniel's prayer? Description of the image? vs. 31-35. Nebuchadnezzar's title? From whom had he received his kingdom? How far did it extend? Over what creatures? What part of the image did he represent?

II. THREE SUCCEEDING KINGDOMS. (39.) ANOTHER KINGDOM, secular history shows that this was the Medo-Persian kingdom, which overthrew Babylon 70 years after Nebuchadnezzar's death; it extended from Asia Minor to the Indus, and included Egypt on the south; INFERIOR TO THEE, in antiquity, unity, stability, wealth, and magnificence, although not in territory and duration; THIRD KINGDOM OF BRASS, the Macedonian kingdom, by which, under Alexander the Great, the Persian kingdom was overthrown, 321 B. C.; after Alexander's death this was separated into different divisions; RULE OVER ALL THE EARTH, Alexander desired to be called "king over all the world," and wished there were other worlds to conquer. (40.) FOURTH KINGDOM (comp. Dan. 7, 8), commentators differ as to this. Three views have been held—(1.) That the fourth kingdom was the Roman (this is supported by the majority of commentators); (2) that it was the Macedonian kingdom under the successors of Alexander, Egypt under the Ptolemies, and Syria under the Seleucidæ; (3) that the fourth kingdom is yet to come. (42.) PARTLY BROKEN, brittle as earthenware. Comp. Dan. 2 : 9; Rev. 2 : 27. (43.) MINGLE THEMSELVES . . . WITH MEN, a great variety of nations and tongues, compelled in the Roman empire by marriage, conquest, and alliance, but they were not homogeneous, did not cleave one to another.

II. QUESTIONS.—The kingdom arising after the Babylonian? Its extent? The third kingdom? Under what king? Its extent? Duration? The fourth kingdom? State the three opinions. Which view is sustained by the majority of commentators? Characteristics of the fourth kingdom? Two-fold composition? What denoted by iron? What by clay? Extent of the Roman empire when Christ came?

III. MESSIAH'S KINGDOM. (44.) THESE KINGS, of the fourth kingdom; GOD . . . SET UP A KINGDOM, the Messianic kingdom of his Son Jesus Christ; SHALL NEVER BE DESTROYED, Dan. 7 : 14, 27; Luke 1 : 33; 1 Cor. 15 : 24; Ps. 45 : 6; Heb. 1 : 8; Is. 9 : 7; Rev. 11 : 15. [Notice that this kingdom is (1) of divine origin, (2) of universal extent, (3) of eternal duration.] (45.) THE STONE, v. 34; Is. 28 : 16; MATT. 21 : 42, 44, Acts 4 : 10, 11; THE MOUNTAIN, Mount Zion, Is. 2 : 2; Mic. 4 : 2; CERTAIN, prophecies and will be fulfilled. Dan. 8 : 26.

III. QUESTIONS.—Who would set up a kingdom? How long to continue? Give Scripture references showing that it shall endure forever. Its relation to worldly kingdoms? What is referred to by "the stone out of the mountain"? What was broken by it? Do you not wish a part in this everlasting kingdom of God? How may we all obtain it?

How are we taught in this lesson—

(1.) That only God can reveal future events?

(2.) That the world-kingdoms, in spite of themselves, help forward the kingdom of God?

(3.) That Christ's kingdom will be everlasting

(4.) That those who have their part in it will enjoy everlasting life?

THE DELAY in receiving our campaign map from the hands of the lithographers has occasioned considerable delay in the mailing of the last two numbers, and, even to the present, there are some subscribers to whom the maps have not been sent. With this issue, however, we expect that every subscriber will have received a copy of the map, which, we hope, will prove of value to him. We also will have got up to date in the issuing of the Sunday-school lessons, and will secure their arrival at least a week before they are to be taught in the school.

THERE ARE SOME SUNDAY-SCHOOLS which are opened in the spring but are closed during the winter. We are pleased to believe that there are not a large number of them now—although they have done much good work—and that the promoters of our Sunday-school work are alive to the necessity of working at all seasons, in season and out of season. But for the benefit of schools so situated that this is impossible, we will send them ten MESSENGERS or more, in clubs to the one address, at the same proportionate rate as to yearly subscribers. Thus for six months the price of ten copies of the MESSENGER to the one address, would be only $1.25; twenty-five copies, $3.00; fifty copies, $7.75; one hundred copies, $11.00. Anyone knowing of such schools as these will oblige us by giving the name of one of the leading spirits in connection with each of them, so that we may bring this offer more prominently to their notice.

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